

Name _____ Date _____ Per _____

Annotating Text – Paragraphs 7 – 11: for this activity, identify key literary devices/terms and figurative language. Notice that some words are italicized and have a blank line following them for you to identify.

7 Presently I heard a slight *groan*, 1 _____ (**fig. lang**) and I knew it was the *groan* of mortal terror. It was not a *groan* 2. _____ (**literary device**) of pain or of grief—oh, no!—it was the low stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at *midnight*, 3. _____ (**mood**) when all the world slept, it has welled up from my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me. I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt, and *pitied* him, although I *chuckled* at heart. Notice “pitied” and “chuckled” used together in same sentence is called 4. _____ (**literary device**)

I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. He had been saying to himself— “It is nothing but the wind in the chimney—it is only a mouse crossing the floor,” or “It is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp.” Yes, he had been trying to comfort himself with these suppositions: but he had found all in vain. All in vain; because *Death, in approaching him had stalked with his black shadow before him*, 5. _____ (**fig. lang.**) and *enveloped the victim*. 6. _____ (**literary device**) And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel—although he neither saw nor heard—to feel the presence of my head within the room.

8 When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a *little—a very, very little* 7. _____ (**fig. lang.**) in the lantern. So I opened it— you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily—until, at length *a simple dim ray, like the thread of the spider*, 8. _____ (**fig. lang.**) shot from out the crevice and fell full upon the *vulture eye*. 9. _____ (**fig. lang.**)

9 It was *open—wide, wide open—* 10. _____ (**literary device**) and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness—all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man’s face or person: for I had directed the ray as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.

10 And have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over-acuteness of the sense?—now, I say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes

11. _____ (fig. lang) when enveloped in cotton. 12. _____
(literary device) I knew that sound well, too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. *It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.* 13. _____ (fig. lang.)

11 But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eve. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man's terror must have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment!—do you mark me well I have told you that I am nervous: so I am. And now at the *dead hour of the night*, 14. _____ (literary device) amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet, for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst. And now a new anxiety seized me—the sound would be heard by a neighbour! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, *I threw open the lantern and leaped* 15. _____ (fig. lang) into the room. He shrieked once—once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, *he was stone, stone dead.* I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was *stone dead*. 16. _____ (fig. lang.) His eye would trouble me no more.